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INTRODUCTORY LECTURE,

Delivered at the opening of the Faculty of Medicine, University of McGill College, November 5, 1860, by D. C. MACCALLUM, M.D., Professor of Clinical Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence.

GENTLEMEN,—Our first duty in meeting together for the first time in this new and beautiful lecture room, is to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one who during his life time held the most prominent position amongst the Medical Faculty, who was one of the original founders of the medical school of McGill College, who was always the conscientious and indefatigable supporter of its best interests, and the warm and faithful friend of its alumni. I refer to Dr. Andrew F. Holmes, late Dean and Professor in this University. To the majority of those I address, he was personally known, and I am certain that the hearts of many of you, even as I speak, will bear silent witness to the truth of what I now say, that loved and respected as he was by all, he was *most* loved and respected by those who knew him best. His was one of those quiet and undemonstrative natures that attract not the giddy and thoughtless many, but that are appreciated thoroughly by the discriminating few. Around men such as he was, cluster home affections, the loves of kindred and the truest friendships. The deep warm current of feeling underlying the cool and placid surface of mere manner, is only known to those who have taken the trouble to sound carefully the depths of such hearts.

Dr. Holmes, as you well know, was universally and deservedly esteemed in this city, for that high sense of duty towards his God and towards his fellowmen, the possession of which invariably characterizes the true Christian. No person, I firmly believe, ever felt more sincere anxiety to know what were his duties in all the relations of life, or performed these duties with more unswerving conscientiousness, when he once fully understood in what they consisted. During his connection with this medical school, from the time he associated himself, about the year 1824, with the late Drs. Robertson, Stephenson, and Caldwell, in its

establishment, down to the period of his sudden demise, he laboured unceasingly for its advancement. Many able men have, at various times, been connected with it as lecturers or professors; but not one ever had its welfare more at heart or strove more earnestly and assiduously for its success. To Dr. Holmes, then, the last of the founders of this school, to his talented co-founders and their able successors, now no more, and to the older members of the present faculty, belongs the honour of placing McGill College in the proud position she now occupies in the estimation of the public, both at home and abroad, as a flourishing and successful school of medicine.

In the practice of his profession he was everything that a true physician ought to be:—courteous, kind, attentive, considerate, cautious. His sympathies were ever with suffering humanity. The querulous complainings of the sick, the stories of their manifold trials and sorrows, fell not upon an impatient or inattentive ear. The sympathizing countenance, the word of comfort, and the encouraging tone of voice were ever ready with him to soothe the pain-racked victims of disease, to cheer the mourning and desolate ones, and to raise the fearful and downcast.

In the life of Dr. Holmes, moral, social and professional, you and I, gentlemen, have an example which we would do well to closely follow. Strive, then, to live as he lived, and whether or not the summons to quit this weary world comes to you in as sudden and unexpected a manner as it came to him, happy and peaceful will be your end; for what saith the inspired Psalmist—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

"Knowledge," says Addison, "is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one-half of the human soul." Would you test the truth of this assertion, gentlemen? Then, look abroad into the world, and single out from the community of nations those that occupy the most commanding positions—whose might is feared—whose friendship is courted, and whose counsels are respected: examine into the causes of their superiority to other nations, and you will find the most prominent one to be—that they excel in knowledge. Look around you—and, whether you reside in a city—a town, or a village hamlet, what do you observe? Who are the men most honored and respected in the community, who are the men of power and influence, who fill the places of trust and usefulness? Are they not emphatically, as compared with their neighbours, the men of knowledge? Knowledge, then, must be desirable. "A certain degree of ease and independence," says Dugald Stewart, "is essentially requisite to inspire men with the desire of knowledge." I must confess to differ with this astute philosopher, as I believe that all men are actuated, to a greater or less degree, by a desire to acquire knowledge. Various existing circumstances, such as mental capacity of race, state of civilization, &c., insomuch as they increase or diminish the motives which originate the desire, undoubtedly determine, not only what shall be the extent of the desire but also what shall be the kind of knowledge desirable. If, however, we except Cretins of the first degree, in whom every ray of intelligence is absorbed by the

gloom of absolute fatuity, and who are capable of experiencing merely sensorial pleasure, it is questionable if there exist a class of human beings, who do not evince by their actions, a strong desire to become acquainted with many things external to themselves. In a barbarous state, the desire is most limited, and the determining motives in its production are of the lowest order. Man, in this condition, prompted by sensations of hunger, and his experience of the necessity of providing suitable covering to defend his body from vicissitudes of temperature, seeks to know what of vegetable, and what of animal life are best adapted to supply his wants. To learn the haunts and habits of the various animals that roam through the forest wilds—to become acquainted with the more palatable and healthful edible fish that frequent the lakes and rivers—and to ascertain which are the esculent among the fruits of the earth, appear to constitute almost the whole of his desire.

In a state of semi-barbarism, advance in civilization brings with it added wants—increased motives, and, as a consequence, a more extended desire. He would now know by what processes the varied products of nature may be so altered from their original conditions, as to afford increased gratification to his senses and additional pleasure to his mind. Impressed with a sense of the magnitude and importance of nature's operations, he would know somewhat of the *how* and the *wherefore* of her mysterious workings. Limited in his powers, and unenlightened by a revelation of truth, he *deifies* much that inspires him with awe or terror. He peoples the air, the earth and the water with innumerable gods, and renders grovelling homage to the most disgusting objects of creation.

Some idea may be formed of the might of this desire, and of the all-powerful grasp with which it seizes while it directs the minds of men in a state of complete civilization by reflecting on the untiring energy, displayed by the great intellects of the civilized countries of Europe and America in their pursuit of knowledge; and the marked avidity with which the masses endeavour to acquaint themselves with all the discoveries of the master minds.

Thus it is, that one man passes night after night contemplating the movements of the heavenly bodies, or gazing, by means of the telescope, into the far-away regions of space, if haply he may be able to add something to his own knowledge and that of his fellows; whilst another, actuated by the same desire, wanders through different climes, observing, arranging and naming the various natural productions of and animals peculiar to each; or accumulating information regarding the characteristics of the inhabitants, the climate, the qualities of soil the mineral wealth and the general aspect of each. Thus it is, that one man will make the trackless ocean the field of his wanderings, and, leaving all the sweet allurements and endearing associations of *home*, take himself away to where the cold seems intense enough to paralyse anything but the indomitable bravery and perseverance of the Arctic voyager, in the hope of discovering a passage through the glacial barrier of the Polar Seas; whilst another will court retirement and spend days and nights in the study of the properties and probable nature of that part of himself which he can more particularly call I. Thus it is, that earnest enquirers have been found willing, in all ages, to forego every pleasure, to labour under the obloquy poured upon them by an unthinking and superstitious world, so that they might attain the great object of their

desire—to know the construction of the beautiful, intricate and truly wonderful machinery of the human body; whilst others, again, with a courage and self-devotion that cannot be too highly lauded, have quietly faced the grim king of terrors in his most favorite haunts, for the sole purpose of becoming acquainted with those dread diseases, which, in their visitations, so scourge vex and decimate the human race. In the confined and filthy chamber, where a few straggling rays of heaven's sun may occasionally penetrate, the abode and hiding-place of want and wretchedness: in the densely crowded boarding-house of the homeless and poverty stricken wanderer, the Ishmaelite of modern and civilized times: in the dank and noisome alley or court, full of garbage and excrement, the receptacle of the accumulated filth of years: in the Lazar house or hospital ward, with their atmosphere laden with the emanations arising from the prostrate victims of disease, and charged with a miasm of the most subtle and deadly nature: in such places, have these heroic souls, worked a short but glorious space of time, in singleness of heart and nobleness of purpose, for the benefit of humanity, and then died martyrs in the purest sense of the term, leaving behind them a bright example to their followers in their deeds of love and mercy, and a valuable legacy to all generations in the knowledge patiently accumulated by them at every moment, even while the shadow of death with gradually deepening gloom stole o'er their senses, obscuring and rendering more and more indistinct the subjects of their observation and study.

What for, gentlemen, are you in this lecture room? Why have you left your homes for a period of six months, and congregated in the halls of this college? When you left those homes how full of soul yearnings and aspirations were you! Yearnings incomprehensible mayhap to many of you, but which are innate to us all; which constitute a feature of the mind of man, stamped indelibly there, and to be transmitted to his offspring through all time, at the period when thoughtless mother Eve turned a too willing ear to the voice of the tempter and, at his suggestion, put forth her hand, plucked and ate of that forbidden fruit, which, in its ingestion, was to make her like unto the Gods and give her a knowledge of good and evil. It is not because your parents or friends have selected medicine as a profession for you, nor, I firmly believe, from any purely sordid or interested motives that you have experienced those stirrings within you. Were you to remain without any well defined course of life open before you, still would you feel a gnawing unsatisfied desire to know the other, and still the other. The mind is active and will not rest. It will seek knowledge, although perdition be the result. Well has it been observed by Montesquieu in his "*Essai sur la gout.*" "*Notre âme est faite pour penser, c'est-à-dire pour apercevoir: or un tel être doit avoir de la curiosité; car, comme toutes les choses sont dans une chaîne où chaque idée en précède une et en suit une autre, on ne peut aimer à voir une chose sans désirer d'en voir une autre. C'est donc le plaisir que nous donne un objet qui nous porte vers un autre; c'est pour cela que l'âme cherche toujours les choses nouvelles, et ne se repose jamais.*" Oh! this insatiable thirst, these measureless longings for what to us are the regions of the unknown. How they whip and goad and spur the panting soul from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age; and yet, after the

most super-human efforts have been made, and the man stands at the brink of the grave, how exceedingly paltry and small does his stock of knowledge appear. He feels as if he had gathered a few of the pebbles only from the shores of the knowable, while the vast ocean itself stretches out before him unexplored. "I live joyless in my eighty-ninth year," writes the great Humboldt to his friend Varnhagen, "because of the much for which I have striven from my youth, so little has been accomplished." So it is, and so it always will be! Despite his loftiest attainments, man always feels an intellectual want that must be satisfied, an intellectual void that must be filled. And, what is most singular, the more varied and profound his knowledge, the deeper he may have penetrated the arcana of nature, the richer and more glorious the truths he may have brought from thence, the more weak and ignorant does he appear to his own scrutinizing introspection. What distinguished talent! What indefatigable perseverance! What rare industry! What accumulated stores of learning has such a one, exclaim a wondering public, who are conscious that an incalculable distance intervenes between their own acquirements and his. Whilst he, the scholar and wise man, according to the testimony of all, in view of the higher and still higher heights of truths remaining to be sealed, and whose outlines are appreciable to his exalted sense alone, in view of the ever-widening and ever-lengthening vista that opens up before him as he pursues his travels into regions of thought and territories of investigation which were never before penetrated, bewails his own littleness, his want of energy and mental vigour, for knowledge, as a rule, certainly has the effect of making its most favoured votaries, the humblest and least self-conceited of men. He regards the three score years and ten allotted to man in this state of existence, a mere fleeting point of time, all too short a period in which to grasp even a tithe of what presents itself for investigation, and he, therefore, looks hopefully forward to an infinite future, where his soul may bathe without check or limit in the pure, unchangeable waters of truth.

The desire for knowledge, then, has doubtless brought you here. And the knowledge you seek is of that special kind included in what is termed a medical education. It is not necessary for me to enter upon a particular description of the different branches into which medicine is divided, as you will soon become practically acquainted with them. Suffice it that I make a few very general remarks on the causes that have originated and perpetuated medical knowledge, and on several of the obstructions that encumber its path.

Man must die! Such is the fiat that has gone forth from the counsels of the Almighty. He comes into the world, he is here, and he is not. From the moment he emerges from the womb, and even before, he is exposed to influences which have a tendency to bring his existence to a termination. There is, I believe, in all the human race, an instinctive dread of death, of that dissolution of man's component parts which all know they must submit to, of that resolution of the mere material portion into its original chemical constituents; the extinction of vitality, and the unknown flight of the psyche or soul to enter on an untried state of existence in "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." A brave and courageous soul a man may have, but still he shrinks from laying himself down to sleep that sleep from which there is in

this world no awakening. There is, however, a slavish fear of death, which renders those who are its subjects, the most miserable and unhappy of beings. It is not confined solely to persons who are living in habitual violation of moral law, but is found as well to embitter the existence of upright and God-fearing men.

"Men," says Lord Bacon, "fear death as children fear to go into the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other." Were men educated to look upon their dissolution, not only as an event certain to take place, but as one which as "a tribute due to nature" ought to be met calmly and manfully; were they to make it more frequently the subject of their conversations and private contemplations, it would be greatly shorn of its terrors and divested of much of that repulsiveness which now render its approach so terrifying to the majority of mankind. "It is worthy the observing," says the greater thinker I have already quoted from, "that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and, therefore, death is no such terrible an enemy when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honour aspireth to it; grief fleeth to it; fear anticipateth it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay, Seneca adds, niceness and satiety; 'a man would die,' says he, 'though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over.' What Lord Bacon says is doubtless true, as numerous instances attest, but the rule certainly is, that men dread to die, and hence arises that sense of insecurity and desire for self preservation which have given origin to medicine. In the early periods of the world's history, diseases and bodily injuries must have carried consternation to the minds of men, for observation and experience would tell them that these conditions placed life in jeopardy, as they were exceedingly apt to prove fatal. What more natural, then, than that they should apply themselves to the discovery of means whereby they might ward off the threatened danger. Of necessity the knowledge accumulated, must for centuries, have been limited.

We may form an approximative idea of the condition of medicine in these early times by observing the amount of knowledge on this subject possessed by savage communities. An approximative idea, I say, as these communities have gradually added, through a long series of years, to their stores of such information.

If we take the aborigines of this continent, we find that they are acquainted with the medicinal properties of a number of the more common indigenous plants of the country, which they administer with benefit in certain simple diseased states of the body; but it is true, nevertheless, that their "medicine men" whenever they have difficult cases to deal with, trust more to incantations and *diablerie* than in herbs and nature.

Diseases and bodily injuries, however, being common to all times and to all conditions of society we find the same dread of death to prevail now as at all former ages. And, as human life is held in higher estimation among civilized communities, a more thorough cultivation of medical science, in these latter days

has been the result. The different kingdoms of nature have been ransacked for remedies to alleviate suffering and cure the manifold ills that flesh is heir to. And not satisfied with merely rescuing the victim of disease, great and successful efforts are being made to discover those hygienic conditions favorable to its development and multiplication, as well as those which most conduce to prolong life. Indeed, the problem which has occupied the minds of men at every period of the world's history, having for its subject "man sick" has never before had so much talent and energy expended on it.

In connection with the subject of the mortality of mankind and in consequence of the bearing it has on the question of the necessity for the existence of medical science and medical practitioners, I should not omit to notice a species of fatalism which is quite prevalent. You will not be long in practice before meeting with persons who are more or less tinctured with it, and their boldly expressed views may cause you to experience a certain degree of mental uneasiness, and even lead you to doubt whether you have really acquired a profession as honourable and as useful as it is usually represented. The four or more years which you have spent in acquiring medical knowledge may seem to you, viewed through the distorting medium of this pernicious fatalism, as so much time wasted in the pursuit of information, which, when acquired, is absolutely worthless to the possessor. Every man, say these worthies, has a time appointed to him, when he must resign his life and be gathered to his fathers. This period is fixed in the unalterable decrees of Heaven. It *will* occur at the proper moment in spite of all the unwearied care and anxious solicitude of friends, or the best applied skill of the most talented and learned physicians. And, further, no man *can* or *will* die before his time. Now, if these bold assertions, and to say the least, rashly expressed views were correct, or if they were extensively credited, do you not see the consequence that would naturally flow therefrom? What need, forsooth, would there be for physicians? Why should *you* or *I* spend valuable time in prosecuting studies that must prove so utterly worthless? If a man must die at a certain hour on a certain day, and there is not the remotest possibility of his dying at any other time, why trouble him when disease invades his body with prescriptions and useless attentions? If he is to recover he will get well without them. But, is this fatalism true? We trow not. Omniscience is one of the attributes of the Deity, whom we all reverence as the Creator and Preserver of all things, whether it be in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. His knowledge includes infinity and extends to eternity. The future of every living being is open before him, if he desires to scan it, from the moment they enter on their mysterious existence. But I cannot believe that *he* maintains a *constant* and *direct* interference in the affairs of each individual. Men come into the world and find themselves surrounded by and in intimate relation with phenomena that are the results of immutable laws. In the air they breathe, in the food they eat, and in the water they drink, lurk many a hidden foe to their vitality. Deep in the interior of the world upon whose superstratum they fearlessly walk, in that stratum itself with its endless diversity and beauty of surface, and in the life sustaining atmosphere by which it is enveloped, forces mighty beyond their wildest conceptions, remain chained and passive workers of the Almighty's will. Man

is surrounded on all sides by malign influences, which, by the induction of different diseases, tend to bring about his dissolution. Indeed, Bichat defines life itself to be "an assemblage of the functions which resist death." The Creator of man, however, has not exposed him helplessly to the operation of these influences and their effects. By the gift of reason and the capacity for prosecuting and acquiring knowledge, he is fully furnished with the power necessary to guide him unscathed through this world, until he arrives at the period, appointed from the beginning, when a "sickness unto death," removes him from his probationary state. For that there is a period fixed for the death of every mortal, we freely admit; but while doing so, we would strenuously assert that it is quite possible for a man to die before his time. That is, he may so violate the laws of his nature by a reckless course of conduct, or carelessly expose his body to the influence of well known deleterious influences, that a mortal disease may strike him down ere half his days are numbered. It being, then, uncertain, whenever a person is indisposed, whether that indisposition will or will not terminate in death, the result in many instances depending materially on the careful and correct application of the means whereby a bountiful nature has provided for the restoration of the aberrant functions to their natural and healthful action, how important that there should be a class of men to devote their time and talents to the elucidation of disease and the proper methods of obviating its effects on the body. In truth there is an absolute necessity for medical knowledge and medical practitioners. Society cannot and will not do without them.

This want of faith in the efficacy of medicine is not, I am sorry to say, entirely confined to the unprofessional. We find a class of physicians who profess to despise therapeutics and trust entirely to the "*vis medicatrix naturæ*." On the continent of Europe they are known as those who practice according to what is termed "the expectant treatment." Doubtless this scepticism on the part of numerous talented and celebrated men in the ranks of the profession, has done much to extend among the people that kind of fatalism of which I have just spoken. The greatest scepticism is exhibited by the Vienna School. The following interesting pen and ink portrait by Dr. Gallavardin, of the celebrated Skoda, the very type of the spirit and tendencies of that school, will serve to show the extent to which disbelief in practical medicine exists in high quarters: "That which constitutes the originality of Skoda among all the teachers of Germany, and which has made for him so universal a reputation, is his scepticism. In medicine there has been rarely seen, if ever, a *doubter* so absolute, so fervent; for his is no *theoretical* scepticism (which is a very common thing) but a *practical* scepticism, which he actively propagates both by his teaching and through the writings of his pupils, and by its application at the bedsides of the sick. Thus from his name any physician who neither believes in nor practises any forms of therapeutics, is termed a Scodist. Scodism among the Germans is Pyrrhonism in medicine. We would lay long odds that our reader could never divine the remedy which Skoda applies at the bed-side. Every year, during nine or ten months of clinical lessons, he employs on his twenty-eight sick—patients they may indeed be called—in *succession* all the most classical, most celebrated means of cure, and do you know with what intention? Simply to convince his pupils that all these medications are always and completely *inefficient*.

If by *chance*—*chance* is indeed the term to use here—if on any treatment there supervenes a very prompt and marked amelioration he attributes all the honour to the natural course of the disease. Example:—A young man of nineteen, very robust, comes into the hospital on the 11th May, on account of a pneumonia of the right lung, of a highly inflammatory and severe form. On the 13th and 14th Skoda causes him to take infusion of Foxglove, which induces six stools a day. On the 15th a pound of blood is drawn from his arm by his orders. Next day, the 16th, the pulse, which on the preceding evening, was at 100, falls to 66. To explain so notable and prompt a modification of the pulse, Skoda expresses himself in these terms: 'Perhaps it is the effect of the bleeding, such things have been seen; perhaps, too, it may have been the effect of the foxglove, such things have been seen too.' Skoda reasons habitually after this fashion, never denying in a very decided manner. In this way, little by little, he *insinuates* doubt into the minds of his disciples, all the more surely that he does not insist on its reception; so that finally these come insensibly to lose all practical faith, to raze from their medical vocabulary the word *causality* just as their master does."

Formerly the system of drugging was carried to a fearful extent, and occasional injury to the constitutions of those subjected to the repeated doses of pills, boluses, powders, draughts and mixtures of the physicians of those days, probably resulted. A reaction has now taken place, and the other extreme has been, in the case of the Vienna School, fairly reached. It does not follow, however, that because *too much* medication is injurious, *all* medication must necessarily be hurtful. The active treatment, moreover, adopted by our predecessors, may have been demanded by the type of the diseases prevailing at the time; for, I believe, there are causes in operation which subject the same disease to undergo such changes, as, after the lapse of a number of years, to imperatively demand a modified or even contrary treatment at the hands of the medical profession. While it behoves every one, therefore, practising the healing art, to observe attentively those changes that take place in the constitution or general character of diseases, it is exceedingly puerile on his part to lose faith in medicine, because after the lapse of a certain number of years he finds he has to adopt other, and even contradictory plans of treatment in disease, to those he found beneficial when he first entered on the active duties of his profession. Diseases, likewise are so modified in many of their essential characteristics by the constitution of the patient, the presence of any particular diathesis, and so forth, that it is impossible to lay down absolute rules for treatment that will apply in all cases. Should a physician adopt the plan of Skoda and employ a therapeutic remedy merely to suit a name, which cannot be other than arbitrary—should he treat pneumonia, without first carefully ascertaining whether or not there exist circumstances that will in a great measure determine his treatment, he cannot be considered other than a routinist. He may possibly cure, or patients may get well in many instances; but it is quite undoubted that many others will suffer at his hands. When you come to practice medicine, gentlemen, above all things avoid becoming the slaves of mere routine. It paralyzes all effort, hanging like a dead weight to the neck of good resolutions of improvement and is certain to prove a serious stumbling-block to all progress.

Medical knowledge has been disturbed, also, by that restless spirit of enquiry that is abroad at the present day, and which leads its possessors to question the truth of existing institutions, and seize with avidity every new theory brought forward, having the merit of novelty to recommend it. As has been well observed:—"This temper of mind, so restless and credulous, which harbours with avidity the teeming brood of rapidly developed novelties which successively appear, and whose very appearance is ever proving the vanity of those which went before, has no favour or patience for medical science as recognized and taught in our schools. It seeks and believes that it has found for the time at least a sure and infallible panacea for all the ills to which flesh is heir, and regards, as a narrow-minded and selfish bigot, every member of our profession who holds fast by the old fashioned modes of treatment. But persons who are animated by this unsettled, flighty and morbid temper of mind are not to be reasoned with and we have little hope of convincing them, by any arguments, of the folly and fallaciousness of their sweeping condemnation. The science of medicine has always been a plant of slow and stately growth; it has gathered strength through all the changing scenes of two thousand years; it has been watered, and pruned and cared for by wise and good and earnest men of many generations; it is still an object of honest pride and zealous culture to numbers who know it best, and they feel no temptation, though others may, to barter its ancestral strength and long tried stability for any of the mushroom growths which spring up and perish in a day. Those persons, therefore, must be regarded as foolish, who despise and would set aside the healing art as it now exists, for this reason, that in so doing, they overlook not merely the pregnant fact, that crowds of able and educated, and honest minds have contributed their best energies towards its advancement during so long a period of the world's history, but also this other fact, that medicine has always been eclectic in its nature, neglecting no useful hint but gathering and adopting its means and appliances from all the elements and from every available field. Hence also, there is an obvious fallacy in the idea which many entertain, or at least express, that the members of our profession are hindered by narrow-minded bigotry or by the fear of endangering their craft, from hailing with open arms, every new and popular plan of treatment. The truth is, that we are ever ready to incorporate with our own views every element of truth, however small, which those systems may contain; we only demur to their vain pretensions to be regarded as panaceas. And then, as to our craft being in danger, surely every one must see, that were self interest our guiding star, our policy in that case would be to adopt the quackery *in toto* and so supersede the cavillers who now accuse us of bigotry and selfishness.

Orthodox and upright members of the medical profession are, as a rule, not "so far behind the times" as certain petty detractors of their fair fame would fain made the public believe. Because, forsooth, the thinking philosophic minds in medicine do not assent to and immediately embrace every wild and extravagant medical theory let loose on the world by the singularly erratic minds that abound at the present day they must be stigmatised as obstructionists. Never before in the history of this world did their exist so widespread an inclination to sneer at and depreciate everything having the authority of ages of existence,

and the adhesion of countless great and commanding intellects, for their continuance. Never before did such a multitudinous array of shams and counterfeits meet the gaze of men. And yet, there probably was never a time when the fields of truth were more assiduously explored or explored to better advantage. Medicine, although she has added vastly to her stores of truthful knowledge in every one of her departments within the last half century, has many present shams and counterfeits. Some of the *spurious coin* is remarkably specious in appearance and passes current to a certain extent, but the time *will come*, when the *aqua regia* of experience will expose the baser metal, for, there is truth in the old adage:—"All that glitters is not gold." Mistake not! semblances of truth contain within them the elements of rapid decay. That they exist for a lengthened period, or, indeed, that they exist at all, is entirely owing to the conserving properties of the few grains of truth that are usually mixed up with the mass of error in their composition. For the human mind, to its credit be it spoken, will not tolerate falsehood, merely for falsehood's sake. Truth is indestructible. When, therefore, all the *pathies* at present existing, shall, as such, have passed away into that oblivion to which their numerous predecessors have been consigned, the modicum of truth which each possesses *shall not perish*. It shall then find its appropriate place in that edifice whose foundations are verities, an edifice that has not only stood for ages, storms and tempests, and even the adverse influences of time itself, but has, in these latter days, expanded into such magnificent proportions, exhibits such strength and solidity in its construction, and presents so much beauty and harmony in its arrangements, as to command almost universal confidence and regard:—the temple of legitimate medicine.

Now, gentlemen, would you acquire thoroughly the profession of your choice; a profession of which you may justly be proud, for there can be no higher or more ennobling pursuit, or one more godlike, than to rescue man from the influence and effects of disease. Is it your earnest desire to so acquaint yourselves with the varied stores of learning accumulated in the science of medicine, that you may with confidence assume the great responsibilities which will hereafter devolve upon you as practitioners of the art? Then, enter on your studies with a firm determination to succeed. And if that determination be followed up by energetic action success is certain. There is no one element in a man's character so necessary to his success as energy. Without it the most profound intellect would be almost worthless to its possessor. With it a man of even moderate natural abilities may achieve results that will place his name among the foremost names of the age in which he lives. Let not the siren voice of pleasure lure you from the simple and rugged path of duty. Close your ears, beyond the power of hearing when she whispers enticingly of the mazy dance and its fascinating concomitants. Be equally deaf to her entreaties when she would lead you away to scenes of so called mirth and jollity. Spend not your precious time in dreaming. Four years only have been allotted to you, to go over the vast field of knowledge included within the complete curriculum of this college. Think soberly and earnestly on this fact, and then ask yourselves, if you can afford to fritter away days or even hours in desultory pursuits. If you have any favorite study foreign to the one you are now entering upon, I would strongly advise you

to give it up for the present, and concentrate all your energies on the work which now lies before you. For, as Milton expresses it :—

“Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom ; what is more, is fume
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to learn.”